Freaks Forever

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/20160757.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con, Major Character Death
Categories:	M/M, F/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal - Relationship, Alana Bloom/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, The Stag (Hannibal), Alana Bloom
Additional Tags:	Domestic Violence, BDSM, Kidnapping, Kidnapped Will Graham, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Domestic Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Top Hannibal Lecter, Someone Help Will Graham, Bottom Will Graham, POV Will Graham, Established Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Protective Hannibal Lecter, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Alternate Universe - Hannibal (TV) Fusion, Emotional/Psychological Abuse, Sexual Abuse, Hannibal Lecter Being an Asshole, Hannibal Lecter Being Hannibal Lecter, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Emotional Manipulation, Emotional Hurt, Gaslighting, Psychological Trauma, Psychological Torture, Top Mads Mikkelsen, Hugh Dancy/Mads Mikkelsen Character Combinations, Bottom Hugh Dancy, Choking, Awesome Alana Bloom, POV Alana Bloom, Dark Alana Bloom
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-08-08 Updated: 2020-02-25 Words: 14,154 Chapters: 10/?

Freaks Forever

by tortureheaven

Summary

In one head lives constant torture porn, and in the other lives the desire to rectify the injustice in the world. Hannibal finds himself fascinated by the empathetic Will, but the obsession is unrequited. If Hannibal cannot have something then he will taint it, split its ribs open with his bare hands so that he can recreate it. This is Will's fate.
This is Hannibal's design.
(This is violent and sexual, Will is kidnapped and kept imprisoned in Hannibal's home. This is a fair warning.)

Notes

Hello! This is my first work that I publish on this site, and I hope it makes you happy. < 3

Blood and Tar and Swamp Water

Cute Aggression - Nicole Dollanganger (eerily fitting for Hannigram)

Where others were made of vanilla and cinnamon, Hannibal was not. He was concocted of casket dirt still slightly scented of decay, and the vulgar and uncontrollable urge to shed blood.
Men like him were not born but rather summoned to do cruel things. The day he first laughed was the day that rivers ran red, and his first smile made all the Pepsi bottles in the world fizzle over. He had been the kind of kid who tortured stray cats, leaving them and other things to die in creeks alone.
Nothing had ever broken his heart because he had no heart. In the place it should have been lied only a clot of blood and tar and old, musty swamp water.

This is just who he was and is. Simply put, he's a freak.

William was in an entirely different class; he saved dogs from cold, empty streets and he healed people, held their hearts in his hands and absorbed all the suffering like he was sucking poison out of a wound. He was an angel surrounded by the stench of humankind.

How could Hannibal avoid such a person as that? How could he not take something good and turn it into something ugly?

The road was long and rough, with lots of turns that made Will nearly vomit. Each pivot of the tires brought on a new bump which shook him from his semi-consciousness and made his anxiety significant upon awakening. He could only see a faint red glow and the blackness of night, or what he assumed was night.

Although it was definitely hard to tell the time when he was inside a trunk.

The thought finally processed in his head. He was in a trunk. With no memory of being put there and worse, no memory of who put him there. His head gently throbbed, and he was sure that he'd been drugged. But adrenaline was steamrolling whatever drugs had been slipped into him, because he had never thought so clearly and so urgently before.

Kick the tail light out.

Will swiveled around in the small space so that he was facing the glowing red now, and it was the tail lights. He could see a string hanging down above his head -- a clutch for someone in case they were trapped in a trunk, but someone had torn it off. Of course. He turned his attention back to the light, and used all his weight to kick at it with his foot. Once, twice. Again and again he kicked, basing his survival upon this. If he can get it out and wave his hand out of it, then a passing car can see him and call the police. Even if not, he would at least see the outside world which would keep him from losing his mind and also help him keep track of how to get back from wherever he was being taken.

Finally he was beginning to knock the light loose. He could feel it coming undone, and could practically smell his freedom coming one step closer. It smelled like fresh forest air. He so much wanted to panic, to flail his arms around and scream, but what would that do? It would only alert his kidnapper that he was awake.

Will started to kick furiously now, his care unraveling. Being quiet wouldn't matter if he was too late at all, so he threw his whole body into the force, his knees aching.

Finally, the light popped out with a solid *thunk.* He heard it scrape against the ground as the car drove away, and he gulped in the fresh air. He didn't realize it but beads of sweat had grown on him, both from the movement and the heat of the small space. He focused on his heaving breaths.

I am gonna murder whoever put me in here.

The car screeched to a halt at sudden then, sending Will on his back staring up at the daunting red light. It was still running but the driver opened and slammed his door, and Will heard the sound of shoes hitting gravel. He held his breath. The trunk flew open then, and he looked up and almost choked.

It was Dr. Lecter. What the fuck?

All the words in the world couldn't describe Will's shock.

"What the fu--"

Hannibal grabbed Will by the shirt with both hands then and pulled him to the edge of the trunk so he was staring down at the ground.

"Look what you've done to my car." Hannibal said calmly, taking one hand off Will to point at his missing tail-light. "Bad."

"What the fuck are you doing?" Will breathed out, nearly a wheeze. Hannibal threw him backwards like a rag doll, and when Will looked up at him again, the moon was positioned nearly perfectly above the man's head.

"You won't talk to me that way."

"Hannib--"

"You will learn. I don't expect you to obey all my rules just yet but you will learn." Hannibal reached inside the trunk and grabbed Will by the back of the neck. When he put his arms out in protest, the doctor dug his nails into the younger man's neck and made him freeze and wince. "Good boy."

He held him by the neck and pulled him closer until his head was nearly to the doctor's chest. Then Hannibal leaned down and sniffed Will, inhaling his scent. When he realized what was happening, he pulled back violently.

"Don't!" He barked, eyes wide from shock and fear. He struggled to get his bearings and looked past Hannibal -- they were indeed in a forest.

"You won't make it," Hannibal said, seemingly knowing what Will was thinking. "Even if you could outrun me, I have a vehicle and you know nothing of the land."

They only stared at each other. Will had nothing to say; his whole body shook.

"You won't make it." Hannibal shook his head and repeated his sentence with finality. He raised his arms to shut the trunk, and Will wanted one last answer.

"Why are you doing this?"

Hannibal paused.

"Because I dream of all the different ways to break you."

"Jesus, Joseph, Mary, mother of God--" Will began, and Hannibal paused again when he heard the prayers. He flipped the trunk up again and lurched within, grabbing Will once more.

"No. No prayers. Don't you pray and don't you cry. There is no hope for you out here. There is no immortality except for my love...I am your God." He said huskily and straightened up, shutting the trunk immediately and hastily walking back. Will heard his footprints stop, the door open and shut, and the radio went up to a nearly unbearable level. It was classical music, but it was so loud that it was unnerving. Will never thought he'd say this but he wished in that moment for silence.

Hannibal's words echoed in his head.

There is no hope for you out here.

There is no immortality except for my love.

I am your God.

The last part repeated a few times in his head.

I am your God.

A Little Pain With The Pleasure

Chapter Summary

Will is introduced to his new home, Hannibal's villa in an undisclosed location. He is forced to learn all the new rules set in place by the man who seeks to stomp out any disobedience. But during his first punishment, Will sees that Hannibal suffers from a trauma so ingrained that he almost sympathizes with the man who kidnapped him.

Chapter Notes

Oh wow, thank you guys for enjoying this story! I was so pleasantly surprised to see that people liked the work! It brings me great comfort, because writing this story really is the best therapy I could have after hours of schoolwork. I'm so blessed to have your kudos; you guys are incredible. <3
On another note, you'll either love or hate this chapter. I want to provide Hannibal some background information, some reason as to why he is who he is. I know Mads (the actor who portrayed him) said that he hadn't been abused and that he was just naturally cruel, but I wanted to give him some emotional context. I hope you're okay with that. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Is it hard for you to be kind? Hannibal wondered.

Does it take effort? Or does it come naturally to you? How do you heal people even when you're not trying?

He stared down at his muse, sleeping Will Graham. He had taken him from the trunk after a two hour drive, so he was sure that the younger man was anxious and tired, and sleep had taken its hold. Hannibal gave him a bedroom all to himself, mostly for security's sake. He had installed locks on the door and windows, and had taken out all sharp objects such as pens and letter openers. The walls were a soft gray and he had gifted Will a canopy bed in the hopes that the cozy environment would ease Will into his schedule and new life.

Hannibal was incapable of love and most things akin to it, but he suspected that his emotions for Will came as close to love as he'd ever felt. It was a fascination, an obsession. They were the same, and yet could not be more different.

"If you just...used your gifts in the way that I do. If you abandoned all hope of saving others, you could be unstoppable as I am." Hannibal spoke quietly to his resting captive. "I...I wish I

could reach out and just...touch you in your heart, and turn it into something rotten. I wish I didn't have to put you through hell to find heaven."

He gently touched Will's cheek. "But I'm sure you like a little pain with the pleasure. I'll corrupt you, in this way or another."

When Will came to, Hannibal was gone. He awoke in that room alone, with the sun gently cascading in and projecting a mellow, lazy vibe. Will sat up slowly, looking around at everything with unease. It was all foreign to him. A piece of paper caught his attention, sitting patiently on the nightstand. When he picked it up and read the words he tried not to vomit.

<u>The Ten Commandments</u>

You will not disobey me

You will not disrespect me

You are to exist for my benefit

You are to do the work that I provide to you

You will not escape punishments

You will never answer the door under any circumstances

You will smile when I tell you to do so

You will never mention the names of your past coworkers

You will understand that this is a new world for you, and we are the only ones in it

Wear the cologne that I provide to you daily

It was written in black ink with eerily alluring handwriting. Will shuddered and let the paper drop to the floor.

He's playing God now.

Their last interaction ran through his head -- he was in the trunk, and Hannibal's words hit him. *"I am your God now."*

Will had never been the most religious, so why was Hannibal driving him hard from that aspect? He didn't entirely understand, but he had his guesses.

He wants respect, for me to be loyal. He wants to be the shepherd and I am his sheep.

The sound of the door opening startled him; he hadn't heard any footsteps. As he swiveled he saw Hannibal in the doorway, in a classy brown suit smiling at him as though nothing was wrong.

"Good morning, Will."

He stumbled, unable to find the words. Will's face contorted. "W-where are we?"

"I'm afraid I can't tell you that. But we are in a forest, far from any who might disturb us."

"Why are you doing this to me?" Will approached him rapidly, rage and fear sitting uneasily in him like curdled milk.

"I believe we discussed that on the way here." Hannibal spoke calmly but he eyed Will warily as he approached. "I wouldn't."

"Wouldn't what? Fight?" Will said icily as he raised his arms to strike. He knew he was a weaker man, but adrenaline and the desire to survive powered him on.

"Will--" Hannibal caught the younger man's arm before it hit his face, and pushed him backwards. He fell onto the bed but kept swinging, clawing, trying to get at Hannibal's face like a rabid animal.

"Enough!" Hannibal yelled, but it was far from over.

"No! No!" Will cried out, and he threw his left arm out -- landing a solid punch to Hannibal's face. His fist hit him in the mouth and shocked him. Hannibal widened his eyes and froze, which made Will freeze too.

It was maybe a full minute before Hannibal moved again, and when he did, he was not himself. He lost his composure, and Will could see that his eyes were bloodshot and nearly black.

"Tu kvaila kale..." Hannibal growled guttural Lithuanian and grabbed Will by the hair, yanking him roughly off the bed. It made no difference that Will whimpered and clawed at Hannibal's hand; he seemed to take no notice.

As he dragged him down the hall, he kept muttering that one sentence over and over, almost in a trance.

"Hannibal!" Will yelled, but it didn't matter. The hallway was dark and long, so when they emerged in the bright living room, Will winced slightly. Hannibal threw him into a wooden chair so roughly it made him wheeze.

"Don't touch--" Will started, but Hannibal grabbed onto his wrists and put them behind the back of the chair uncomfortably, tying them with twine.

"Hannibal! Will you answer me, goddammit?! Hannibal!" Will screamed so emotionally that spittle flew from his mouth but it didn't faze the older man. He backhanded him suddenly, stopping him.

"Ar tu nezinai, kaip klausytis, berniuk?!" Hannibal backhanded him in the face again, droplets of blood falling to the floor. When he bent down to look Will in the eye, he was bleeding slightly from his bottom lip, but that was nothing compared to Will. His nose was bleeding, a steady stream running down and staining his shirt and the floor.

"Tu kvaila kale. Tu kvaila kale!" He hit Will again, this time a punch to the mouth. He was not himself anymore, and his eyes didn't even seem like the same color when Will dared to look in them. He seemed so much bigger now, so much more threatening.

"Evil," Will whispered. "I don't know who you are..."

"Kvaila kale, kvaila maza kale!"

"Stop!" Will yelled out, but it was gurgled because his mouth was filling with blood.

But Hannibal was relentless. He didn't stop until Will was profusely bleeding from his nose, mouth, and a severe cut on his forehead.

"Please!"

Finally Hannibal stopped, picking up on that word. His chest heaved up and down as he looked to see the mess he made. His face twisted, and he winced as he fell back onto his couch, exhausted. His flashbacks struck him then, violently, and they drowned out Will's cries and made him shake.

He wasn't in his luxurious villa anymore. He was in a barn, at the farm where he grew up in Lithuania. The August heat had him slick with sweat and the sunlight poured in. He tried to move towards it, but his hands were tied. He was sitting in a chair, and he was twelve years old.

"Tu kvaila kale!" He heard his father's voice and then felt a wracking blow to the back of his head; his father had struck him with his boot.

"Tėti, sustok!" Hannibal cried, his voice much younger.

"Ar tu nezinai, kaip klausytis, berniuk?!" His father screamed and hit him from the side with such a force that the chair tipped over. The side of Hannibal's face hit the ground and dirt clung to his blood as he sobbed, unable to control it.

"Kvaila kale!" His father did not relent as he struck him again and again.

The flashback ended abruptly, and Hannibal was in his home again, still breathing heavily. Will was groaning in pain, still tied and slumped over letting the blood fall freely now to the floor.

"Oh," Hannibal sighed heavily as he stood up. "I'm sorry. I need to say, 'I'm sorry.'"

He went behind Will and untied him, but the younger man did not get up. He tucked his arms in and let his head drop as he shivered, cradling himself in that chair. Hannibal went to put his hand on Will's back but stopped himself, knowing it would probably make it worse. So he

gently aided Will up by holding onto his elbow and brought him to the bathroom so he could clean him up.

He almost felt guilt. Though he had blacked out in rage and barely remembered beating Will, he knew how it felt to be beaten. He knew what it was to be degraded in that way.

Will needed it. I told him I would break him. It was necessary. He justified it in his head.

When they got to the bathroom, Hannibal didn't bother locking the door. He dampened a towel and dabbed at the blood that was starting to dry.

"That's a lot of blood." He made the offhand comment to himself and nearly smiled. Will just stood and said nothing, eyebrows furrowed.

"You really are a work of art," Hannibal said almost apologetically as he wiped the blood away. "You'll have to remove your shirt. I'd hate to stain anything else."

When Will didn't move, Hannibal gestured. "Remove your shirt."

After a pause he did so, and the doctor couldn't help but admire how he looked.

"You're so beautiful, and so delicate." He said, then wiped at the blood that had dried on Will's neck and chest.

When all was clean, he touched at Will's hair and was pleasantly surprised to see no disobedience, no pulling away. He smiled encouragingly.

"Maybe it did you some good..."

Chapter End Notes

Intense chapter!
To save you the Google search, the Lithuanian that Hannibal says ("Tu kvaila kale") translates to "You stupid bitch" (Kvaila maze kale was "stupid little bitch,") and "Ar tu nezinai, kaip klausytis, berniuk" translates to, "Don't you know how to listen, boy?!" These are what his father would say when he tied him up and beat him, making it obviously traumatic and something he would repeat, even if he didn't realize he'd repeat it. "Tėti, sustok" means "Dad, stop."
I know I jumped right out of the gate with this chapter, going from 0 to 100 real quick but I wanted to get it out haha.
(Unrelated but I spent two hours writing this instead of my US History work so here's to hoping I don't fail, lol.)

Kisses Filled With Sewage

Chapter Summary

Hello! I'm sorry for going away for a few days, but I'm here now!
Fun fact: I had written most of an extensive chapter and then my computer restarted so I lost it. :/ So this is not going to be what the other chapter was, but I think this one will work better!
In this chapter, Hannibal shows his soft side after a much too severe punishment. And then...

Will stirred slowly to awakening, moving quietly in his sleep. When he opened his eyes it was dark out, with a hint of the oncoming sunrise evident in the pale purple tendrils of light. He guessed it was around five in the morning.

For a moment, everything was alright. It looked almost like his own bedroom, the one that was filled with dogs. With his eyes half closed he moved his foot to the side so he could feel the warm presence of his golden retriever, but with a painful ache he realized she was never really there; she was some sort of phantom pain.

Then he opened his eyes with a jolt. What were his dogs doing while he was trapped here? Were they okay? If people didn't know he was missing then who would check to make sure they were alright?

Will slammed his head into his pillow with frustration. Hannibal was the root of all these worries, and it would be more inconvenient for the doctor to take care of the dogs than it is to just let them starve and die.

With a sigh that was nearly a sob, Will threw the blanket off his body and put his feet onto the cold wooden floor. He walked slowly, almost with a limp to the window and peered out at the greenery. Pine trees filled the land, and as the sky became paler, Will could see that there were mountains on the horizon. It was beautiful, and although it was a pleasant distraction it did not mend the ache he felt in his chest.

He brought a hand to his face and winced, tearing it away almost immediately in surprise. He remembered then that he had been badly beaten the day before and tried not to think about it. The most prominent piece he remembered was Hannibal leering over him with total dominance, a total lack of self control and only rage fueling him as he hit Will in the face, not holding any strength back. His shirt and face had been covered in red, and not his own blood.

Will's blackened eye sockets began to sting at the thought of it. He had gotten those wounds, multiple cuts on his face, and an unbelievably busted up mouth. Fortunately for him, Hannibal had not broken his nose, and had only punched it once or twice. But the rest of his face had taken damage beyond belief. He would never forgive Hannibal for this.

Suddenly there was a knock at his door. Will shut his eyes, wanting to cry whenever he even thought of speaking to Hannibal. The door opened quietly, but Will didn't turn to look.

"Hello Will," Hannibal's thick accent came to him. His tone was almost apologetic.

"I want my dogs." Will said lowly.

"...Maybe you will see them again one day."

"What, when I die and go to heaven?"

Hannibal said nothing. He shut the door and walked to Will, his shoes thudding lightly against the wood.

"I'm sorry you miss them."

"Have you been taking care of them?" Will asked, his voice breaking as he stared out the window.

"I contemplated laying them to rest," Hannibal admitted, "but I decided against it. For your sake. So I come once a day to your old home, and I feed the lot of them."

"So they're alone all day. They won't be happy."

"I installed a door for them to come and go as they please. They need minimal human interaction."

"They won't be *happy!"* Will hissed, finally turning to face his captor. He was much taller than Will, and it hadn't been noticeable until now. He was also much physically stronger, it appeared. His muscles were evident under his long sleeved shirt.

Hannibal began to say something, but then he closed his mouth.

"I may bring them to you." He finally said gently, and enveloped Will in his arms. The logical thing, Will knew, was to pull away, to fight, but in a strange sense he just didn't want to. He had nothing left.

So this is how easily I give up, Will was disgusted at himself. *I just cry as he holds me in his arms.*

Hannibal began his sentence, failed and tried again. It seemed he was choking on his words.

"I-I'm sorry. Yesterday was...unprecedented."

Will thought of a response; he even wrapped his own arms around Hannibal's waist. The doctor put a hand to the smaller man's head and held him tightly.

"Did your father tie you up and beat the shit out of you?" It sounded more like a sentence than a question. Hannibal stiffened and didn't answer.

"It was a learned behavior; I saw that you faced a traumatic flashback, not only when you were hitting but after too. I figured your father was a solid bet."

"I...that was long ago."

"But it stayed with you."

Hannibal smiled and pulled away to face Will. "I am the psychiatrist here. You don't need to be concerned with things such as trauma."

Will smiled too. "I guess you're right."

"I am so glad that we came to an understanding; it is much easier to give in than it is to fight-- my baby."

"You know, I started thinking last night and I think you're...right. Smooth sailing is better than a storm."

Hannibal grinned then, truly pleased as he held his love in his arms. This had worked better than he even thought it would. Hannibal brought his hand to the back of Will's head again and leaned in to kiss him. When they touched, Hannibal grew rigid; his chest bloomed with pleasure. He finally had his prize.

Will stood and took it, kissing back. The taste of Hannibal flooded his mouth then, and he tasted like minty toothpaste. Clean. That made him wonder how his own mouth tasted, and it probably wasn't as good.

But Hannibal deemed it *incredible.* He took a step forward, closing in on Will as they touched the fronts of their bodies. He took a few more slow steps, still gripping Will's head and now gently holding his throat with the other hand. Soon Will's back hit the bed, and he was being pushed slowly onto his back. This was more than he'd anticipated.

"I think you're right," Will whispered. "But it's harder to roll over and die than it is to give you a fight that stops your hard-on."

Hannibal pulled away to look at him with a puzzled look.

Will grabbed at the nightstand and picked up his weapon. Steadily he drove the edges of a fork into Hannibal's shoulder.

Hannibal's mouth fell agape and he shut his eyes, still with his captive under him. The blood seeped out of him slowly, and he groaned more out of anger than pain.

"You don't know when to quit, do you?" He said lowly. "You make it so much harder for yourself; I almost think you enjoy the punishments. For your sake, I hope you do, because I'm gonna fuck the fight out of you."

"Wait, I--" Will protested quietly, but Hannibal was still on top of him. With one hand he reached over and pulled the fork out of his own shoulder with a small grunt, then threw it onto the floor.

He straightened up and loomed over his captive, bringing a hand to Will's face gently. It made him flinch.

"You did not learn a thing from the beating--" He said as he started undoing his belt, "--so maybe this will force obedience."

"I don't want to," Will whispered, trying to make himself small. All courage was spent and lost, laying on the floor like the fork.

"I do not want to be staked by forks. We don't always have a choice in what happens."

Every muscle, tendon and bone tingled with the fright that Will felt in that moment.

"See, your flesh," Hannibal started as he tied Will's hands with his belt, "is just the beginning. You can torture the flesh all you like but it isn't promised to make people break. You want obedience? You get under the skin. I'll get in your head; make you feel small. You'll feel like I split your ribs open with my bare hands and took whatever I wanted." Hannibal raised Will's hands, tying them to the bed with his belt.

Will struggled underneath him to no avail; Hannibal slowly unbuttoned his own shirt to expose his broad chest and threw it to the floor. Then he slowly wiggled out of his pants, tossing those away as well. He loomed above Will in just his boxers, the light of the morning shining upon him, illuminating him as if he emitted some hopeful light. In reality he only took light in, keeping it and turning it into something ugly.

Without warning, Hannibal grabbed onto Will's button down pajama shirt and tugged once, tearing it open down the middle. He eyed Will's chest shamelessly, so Will turned his head to see anything other than that sight.

"A beauty," The doctor said, his accent thicker than normal with his lust. He put his warm hands on Will's chest and held them there. "It's a shame this is the first time I've ever seen you like...this."

"It'll be the last." Will murmured.

"You should be prideful of the fact that you are...pretty." Hannibal ran his hands all over Will, helping himself. He began to untie his pajama pants.

"Stop," Will protested weakly.

"You're not really in the position to give orders, I don't think."

Hannibal pawed at Will's 'area,' watching with twinkling eyes as he evoked a shocked response.

"I want to be pretty too," Hannibal leaned in and breathed into Will's ear. "But I don't want to be good."

He ripped the pants off of Will with no warning and looked him up and down, smiling to himself. He was pleased with what he'd done, what he had captured and kept in a bedroom away from the world.

"Today in the morning sun you belong to me, and tonight below the aching moon you'll still be mine. Even if you kill me, you're still *mine.* You'll still be trapped under my words, my hands. I'm superhuman for that, huh? There's magic in that. We're immortal through each other, you and I." He ran a hand from Will's ribs down to his thighs and slithered his fingers in between the creases of Will's boxers to take them off.

Downstairs, there was a knock at the front door. Hannibal ignored the first three knocks, but then the visitor persisted until he groaned in annoyance and stood up, leaving Will tied up and practically liquified with fear.

"Whoever is at the door must be your guardian angel." Hannibal rolled his eyes and put his clothing on again. Will said nothing, only watched. Hannibal headed for the door but stopped himself, turning back in the doorway.

"I don't entirely trust you." He said as he made his way back to the bed, leaning over the unmoving boy. He put his hands around his throat in a choke, silencing him.

"I'm not killing you, Will. I never wanted to; I'm just ensuring you don't yell out. You'll only go to sleep for a second," he winked, and that was the last thing Will saw before the blackness filled his vision like oil invaded water.

The Smell of Coconut

Chapter Summary

Hannibal's little 'session' with Will was abruptly ended when a visitor came to his door. When he sees who it is, he is irate and welcomes her to a world of sorrow.

(I'm sorry for writing this nearly a week later than I meant! Schoolwork and friends have been occupying my time, and I've also tried to take time for my mental health. Maybe in the future I'll go in depth for the sake of education, but for now we'll just leave it at this -- I have an eating disorder and I'm tired all the time. But I love to write this, and I always will! I'm sorry for the lateness, to make a long story short lol.)

(Click this for the song I recommend for this chapter. Hannibal welcomes his visitor to his world of tears -- also, it's my favorite song!)

Hannibal fluffed up his collar as he walked to his front door. He didn't know what to expect, but assumed it was probably just some salesman or Jehovah's Witness. If either were the case, he would surely take them in and make them into his lunch.

He turned the doorknob and opened the door -- to find Dr. Alana Bloom standing in front of him.

"Hello, Dr. Lecter." She said in her professional tone. He blinked once, surprised. Was she here to interrogate him?

Not even she can stop me, not after all this. Both Will and I have been through too much to throw it all away because of a whore.

"Hello, Alana. What brings you here?" He decided to play it cool.

"Well, I'm just gonna get straight to it. Will's been missing for a few days, and everyone is really worried about him." She sounded unsure of herself, or unsure of his reaction. Something about her reminded Hannibal of a teenager -- the lack of confidence. It was unlike her.

"Oh," Hannibal began. "I'm sorry to hear that. I was wondering why he hadn't shown up for his appointment, but I just assumed he was with Jack. Do you have any ideas as to where he could have gone?"

"Uh, yeah. May I come in?"

This raised a red flag with Hannibal but he stood aside to let her in anyway. If need be, he could kill her and had no qualms with it.

If he had to, he would become a starving vulture and she would so easily become a dead body.

She walked past him and he got a whiff of her perfume, a strong coconut smell.

If I kill you then I'll be sure to integrate coconut into the meal I make out of you.

Hannibal did have to admit, Alana Bloom was a pretty woman. She had full dark hair, bright skin and a twinkle to her eyes that made her whole face shine in a way he didn't understand. It might have been optimism, but he didn't know for certain.

"Will wouldn't just...up and leave. You know? He would say something to someone. We've interviewed his family and friends," Alana paused before she said the last word. Both her and Hannibal knew Will was severely lacking in friends.

"So he could have been kidnapped," Hannibal said as he walked to the living room with Alana slowly following him. "But as you must know, middle aged white males are not exactly targets of kidnapping. It's mostly young fem--"

"I know, but that just makes me think it's personal. He was *taken,* Dr. Lecter. Whoever it was, they-they *took* him from me...er, from us." Alana corrected herself. Hannibal's face grew grim.

I didn't take him from you because he was never yours. Bitch. He thought angrily in his head but pushed it down, showing no concern externally.

"Do you have any suspects?" He asked as he sat on his couch. Alana took to the armchair.

"Well, no. Will isn't really one to mention his personal life either, so we have to go into the contacts on his cell phone -- text messages, phone calls. The team's at his house going through his mail right now." The twinkle in her eye was there. It was dimmed now, diluted by pain and the misery of longing, but it was *there.*

Could I stomp out a good heart to satisfy my own? Hannibal wondered. Then his reacting thought almost pulled his mouth into a smile. *Obviously.*

"Well, I am sure you'll find something. Kidnappers like to taunt their victims. Make them feel less...human. The degradation makes them easier to control." He knew from experience.

"Will is not so quick to fall prey. I know him too well to believe that. Something in him lives on when everything else has been reduced to ash -- a spirit that cannot be broken."

Hannibal gazed at her with condescending eyes. *We'll see about that, bitch.*

"I would not be so sure. The soul is strong, but cruelty is strong too. And unlike the human spirit--" Hannibal got to his feet and went over to the coffee table, picking up the lamp and pretending to examine it, "--the more extensive cruelty is unexpected."

True to his word, he unexpectedly threw the lamp at Alana with full force, hitting her in the collarbone and knocking the wind out of her. She wheezed and clutched her chest, struggling to get up as he walked towards her. She tripped over herself, stumbling to get to the front door. He was never far behind her.

Alana did reach the door. She opened it, but it was only open long enough for her to see the brightness of the sun and then Hannibal pushed it shut from behind her.

"I am sorry I had to throw the light at you." He said as he turned her around, pushing her back to the door. "It was expensive."

"Why are you..." Alana wheezed, still keeping her hands tight to herself.

"You invited Will to your home one night declaring it an emergency. He arrived, you threw yourself at him sexually and he declined. So you shot him in the head and disappeared. I will write your note in my spare time."

"Don't do this." She said, standing rigidly. "With both of us gone, you run a higher chance of the team putting the pieces together."

Hannibal shrugged. "I'm not your psychiatrist."

Alana shifted her weight and shut her eyes. She could've been praying or maybe envisioning what waited after death, and Hannibal admittedly was a little curious to know. She was an enemy, and incredibly dull compared to Will, but she was...fascinating in her own slight way, no less.

"Are you a religious person, Dr. Bloom?"

She opened her eyes. "No."

Hannibal reached to the front table, opening the drawer and picking up a knife so sharp it hurt Alana to see.

"What are you thinking about?"

"Why does it matter?"

He gazed at her with predatory eyes. "I want to know."

She sighed. "If I'm honest...wondering which room Will is in. I'm wondering what you've made him suffer through, and why. I'm wondering -- hoping, really, -- that he knows he has an unbreakable spirit. I don't want him to go through the days thinking he had nothing left to fight with. There will always be something inside of him that he can use to fight...it's beautiful, really."

Hannibal stared at her, his mouth almost agape. He blinked a few times to try to think of a reply.

"You really believe that, then. You really think he won't ever break. You could be seconds away from death but your last thought is of Will."

Alana didn't say anything. Hannibal almost felt guilty then; if he'd left them alone, maybe they could've been happy together. But no, Will's place was here.

Hannibal raised the knife so that the edge pricked her throat. Her face contorted into one of a warrior, one that knew they were going to die on the battlefield.

"I've never begged anybody for anything. I'm not gonna start now."

"You are an interesting woman...Alana."

They stared at each other for a moment. Hers was a hostile gaze and his was strictly business. Nothing personal. They waited.

"My father had a saying -- shit or get off the pot. Do it or get out of the way."

Strangely he found himself lowering his knife. It rested on her collarbone, no longer pointed at her.

A fascinating woman.

He readjusted, moving her so that he was behind her with one arm wrapped around her and the other holding the knife to her throat.

"You can live, but you must never see Will." He said quietly as he guided her to the basement -- originally he had turned it into a place to put Will if he needed severe punishing, but he supposed he could house Alana there under the pressing circumstances.

"So he's here," she breathed. The smell of coconut filled Hannibal's nose, and he breathed more in. Selfishly he wondered then what she looked like under those dressy clothes.

Ugh. No, you stupid bastard. He scolded himself. *Will is your priority. After his total obedience is assured then maybe you can consider training Alana too, but until then, keep your pants on. Plus, you're not a rapist.* He could at least agree with that. He'd rather be a killer.

He opened the door to the basement and propelled her down the stairs. It was lonesome and musky down there. The walls, floor and ceiling were gray and there was a poorly made bed in the corner of the room, with a toilet in the other corner. It was cold, and there was one poster of a cat clinging to a tree branch on the brink of falling. The childish font on it read, ***HANG IN THERE!***

"For you I will ensure that it does not appear so unfriendly forever. I will look for decorations, but you'll have to manage in this for days or perhaps weeks."

She sat on the bed unblinkingly, perhaps in shock.

"I'm never leaving this place, am I..." It was more of a statement than a question.

Hannibal pressed his lips together and looked down. When he looked back up Alana was staring intensely at him. He felt like he should comfort her in some way.

"I know it seems grim now. Perhaps some day you can see the outside. I will build a fence." She didn't utter any reaction at this.

"You may see Will, when I can ensure his submission. If he knew you were here...maybe he would listen better if you were under threat."

Hannibal ascended the stairs.. When he got to the top he turned back and uttered two words, ones he hadn't ever meant before until now, down to her before shutting the door and leaving her in the light of only one light bulb.

"I'm sorry."

(What do you think?)

I Walk The Line

In Hannibal's dream, the sky was thick with smog and the rivers ran red. He stared out at the sorrow from his bedroom window, wrapped in a maroon robe.

"Is there something wrong with me?" He mumbled, oddly hurt. This was his world, he knew. And it was filled with blood and pain. Unaccustomed to feeling empty, he went to clutch at his chest.

"Is it the way I crave? Is it because I feel too much, and I suffocate people with my love?" He asked someone, anyone who was listening. "I can't help it..."

He pawed at his chest and flinched when his fingers seemed to go through his bones. He looked down and saw that he was caved in, and where his heart should have been was just a hole filled with blackness. The edges of the hole were sharp, as if he was made of glass and had been broken. Without a heart, his blood stopped pumping.

He began gasping for air, reaching around him for something that may somehow help him. He knocked the items off his desk, sending papers and pens flying onto the ground.

"Help me," Hannibal breathed. "What's wrong with me?"

Suddenly Will appeared. He didn't walk in or burst about in a cloud of smoke. He just wasn't there...and then he was.

"Will," Hannibal wheezed, clutching at his emptiness with one hand and reaching for his lover with the other. Will made no movement and no expression at this, or even as Hannibal fell to his knees.

"Help me," he repeated.

"You hurt people," Will said softly and took a step backwards, watching Hannibal's outstretched hand.

"No, please," Hannibal shook his head and the emptiness ached. "I-I'll change for you. Anything you want, and I'll do it. I'll do it for you."

Will shook his head and took a few more steps back. Hannibal tried to stand up, but it sent a shock of pain through his entire body. He couldn't chase after Will...he had to watch as his lover left him.

"Please don't go," Hannibal's voice shook and raised its pitch with his emotion. "I'm begging you right now. Please don't go."

"You deserve the loneliness." Will said simply as he kept walking backwards.

"Please stay. Please don't leave me. Please don't...leave me." Hannibal's mouth twisted into a grimace as he winced with the emotional pain. The emptiness throbbed now, almost as if there was a heart there. But it wasn't a heartbeat; it was the darkness swirling around inside of him, awakening fully now as Will left. He'd be alone to suffer through the darkness.

"I'll try to make you happy. Will, stay with me. Please don't leave me."

Alana's voice behind him made him flinch. "You can't seem to keep anyone or anything, can you? You ruin everything."

Hannibal leaned forward on his knees, groaning with the pain. "Is it...too much to ask if someone just...doesn't leave me?" His head hit the floor.

"You ruin everything." Alana repeated in disgust, and he heard her heels click as she walked away from him. Will stretched his hand out for her, and she took it with a smile. Hannibal watched as they shared a passionate kiss, one that Will actually enjoyed.

"I'm begging you...don't do this to me. Don't do this to me. Don't make me watch you get sick of me...God, why is this happening?" Hannibal shut his eyes as his voice wavered. The tears in his eyes were like lollipops and Will and Alana were greedy children, sucking them out of him with an unbridled selfishness. He wailed wordlessly, and his voice rang through his villa. It was of lower pitch, and similar only perhaps to a cry of a wolf.

"Don't leave me!" His words were gargled with his tears now. Hannibal wrapped his arms around himself. The sound of boots and high heels hitting the floor matched his cries as they walked away from him. He opened his eyes to watch them, continuing his shrieks. He wasn't even angry; he was just unbelievably alone, and for the first time he knew it. When they left the room they slammed the door behind them, and the force splintered it. Before Hannibal could comprehend it, the splinters grew into large cracks. The wood jittered with the force, and it moved onto the walls. Where the cracking occurred, everything turned gray and the paint on the walls started flecking off.

"Jesus, don't do this to me. I deserve it, I know." He sobbed. "I've been bad, Jesus, but have mercy. I don't wanna die here alone. Lord, have mercy. Save me, please do something..."

Hannibal wept for a moment.

"Ask and ye shall receive," the voice of an older man spoke to him. Hannibal turned his head and saw his father, a scrawny balding man, sitting on his chair. "Get up. You look pathetic, like a pussy."

"Get out," Hannibal's body shook. He'd rather be alone than be met with this man, the embodiment of wrath.

"Oh, that's all you gotta say to your father? Christ, I've been dead for nine years. How 'bout an, 'I'm sorry'?" The man rolled his eyes.

"I'm sorry? *I'm* sorry?" Hannibal raised his head then.

"You were a godawful son. A coward. For a long time I thought you were one of them queers. Hah, now I guess I know for sure. You cried like a bitch when that boy walked out of here with his girl."

"I should've killed you." Hannibal muttered.

"Practically did with all the stress you caused. You wonder why you got beat up. When your momma died in that crash, I knew it should've been you."

"Why is this happening to me..." The emptiness burned with pain now, worse than ever. Hannibal knew it wasn't because of what his father said. It was because his father had created the emptiness in him years ago. Drenching it in loneliness was just the breaking point.

"Is it too much to ask you to die with a little fucking dignity? Get up! Get up, stop cradling yourself!" His father yelled to him, standing up and kicking Hannibal in the thigh. He didn't move. When he swung his leg back to kick his son again, Hannibal grabbed his other one and yanked it towards him. His father fell with a grunt and when his back hit the floor, he evaporated.

In his wake was a pile of sand, just as colorless as the rest of the room. Hannibal turned his head back and dropped it to the floor.

The sound of the room cracking into bits was the last he heard, and then everything turned black.

When Hannibal awoke, he was slick with sweat. The morning was just beginning, and his chest heaved, eager to have the morning air in his lungs. Instinctively he reached for his chest, and was very relieved to find that he was whole. Warmth radiated off of him so he tossed the blankets away.

He licked his lips and sat up, staring at the morning sun as it peeked through his window. He thought of how dream-Will had abandoned him, so thoughtlessly. He hadn't even considered staying. That lasted with Hannibal longer than the physical pain. Hannibal stood and went nearer.

"My creature," he remarked as he swayed on the balls of his feet. "Impeccable creature. Devoid of rage, incapable of cruelty. We are not the same. You are beautiful, and I..."

He smiled just a little. "I'll take it away."

Evidently the dream's message had not gone through to him, but he didn't think of that as he opened his bedroom door and padded down to the room in which Will resided. He snatched up the key on a table in the hallway, unlocking the door in a smooth and quiet motion.

Like everyone, he had things he wasn't proud of. It was just that his regrets were different than the average person's. He did not regret capturing Will. He regretted that it had taken him

so long to concoct the perfect plan to do so. He was not a man of insanity, but he was not sane. He walked the line.

As he swung the door open, his breath hitched in his throat. Will lay still, like a doll, in his bed. The deep blue of the blanket made him almost look lost at sea, and it enthralled Hannibal. He looked so peaceful, sleeping there.

"My boy," he whispered as he walked silently to his captive. This was the only cure, the only way to shake his nightmare away. Without pausing, Hannibal gently climbed into the bed and pressed his chest against Will's back. He rested his hands on his lover's chest and placed his face near Will's head so that he could smell the honey scent of Will's shampoo. It wasn't right, what he did, but he enjoyed it *so much.*

He forced himself to stop at that -- no sexual touching of an unconscious person. This was where he drew the line. Although he took a look at himself...cradling an unsuspecting man.

Yeah...I walk the line.

(I know this was not very eventful when it comes to Hannibal and Will, but I looove going into Hannibal's mind, digging up old bones. What do you think? I'd like to know. Stay safe, guys. <3)

American Tradition

Chapter Summary

> Hello! I'm sorry I've been away for a few weeks -- school started back up so homework has taken up some time, and I've been socializing a lot more and spending much of my time away from home. It's odd, but I'll try to update more recently! I hope all is well with you. <3

Will awoke alone in the late morning, laying on his back. Hannibal's cologne slightly tainted his pillow, and he wondered why that was. But quickly he shook the thought away -- he probably wouldn't want to know.

He glanced over to the calendar that sat mockingly beside the door. It was Sunday, and with a shock that Will hadn't anticipated he realized it was September. He rolled out of bed with a grunt and undressed so that he could get ready for the day. The four walls seemed to be whiter than they had yesterday, and he wished he had some posters to take up even a little space to make it seem less...orderly. Hannibal was orderly, clean, a perfectionist. Will was not.

Things aren't going as they should.

He laughed at his own thought. It was such an understatement that it was almost comical. He'd rather be sleeping on the piss-stained carpet floor of a crack house than be in this mansion with the fixated eyes of a predator on him at all times.

He got dressed, and heard a knock at the door as he pulled a shirt over his head. Hannibal came in without being invited, wielding a notepad and a pen. Will eyed him up and down warily. This couldn't be good.

"Hello Will," Hannibal offered him a smile which was not reciprocated. "How did you sleep?"

"Fine," Will replied uncertainly. "What do you have there?"

"I have paper and a pen for you. I'd like you to write about your life."

Will blinked slowly. "My what?"

"Just little tidbits. It could be in the form of an essay but I think bullet points would be easier for both you and I."

Will grew angry. Hannibal did *not* deserve to know anything about him. He said nothing and ignored the doctor when he put his hands out for Will to accept the items.

"Or if you like, I can take an extra trip into your home and search through your photo albums. That would probably be more practical too, and --"

Will cut him off by grabbing the paper and pen out of his hands and sat on the bed begrudgingly. Hannibal smirked. His toy was so cute when he was mad.

"Just little things. I am sure you can think of them. After all, you lived through them."

Will sighed as he put the pen to paper. At first he couldn't really think of anything, but the minute he thought of one, more flooded in.

- I used to be a hockey player
- I was born in the wintertime
- My first dog's name was Cujo
- I own five dogs, and I miss them all

He stopped himself before he got carried away, not wanting to give Hannibal too much information. When he was done, the doctor took the notepad away from him and reviewed the words he wrote. Then he nodded with a smile, confirming his approval. It made Will angry, to be treated like a student who needed validation from his teacher.

"Are you satisfied?" He asked with unnecessary sass that Hannibal ignored.

"For now."

"Why are you asking this of me?"

"I was thinking, Will. It is September now, so everything is renewed. All is forgiven, and I was searching for some way to treat you. I sought out American traditions, and finally I landed on a solution -- a baseball game."

"Baseball?" Will asked.

Hannibal nodded. "I was hoping that you would have liked baseball, though it seems you're more inclined to hockey."

"I haven't seen a baseball game since I was...ten, I think."

"I expect you know how to behave. There will be no attempts to run away or to lose sight of me. We will be next to each other at all times, even in the bathroom." Will shuddered at that.

Hannibal watched him with his amber eyes, as glassy as Coke bottles. "But I think you know that."

When no response was evoked, Hannibal continued talking. "The game is later today, and I'd like us to be ready. It will take half an hour to get there." He started walking out, leaving Will to soak in the information. "And another thing..."

Will turned to look at him, and the older man smiled with vampiric teeth.

"I expect you to be more cooperative after this. Sweet, even."

With that he shut the door and left Will alone to his thoughts.

Hannibal descended the stairs, the sound of his feet causing Alana to stir. As soon as she awoke, she sat up in alert. Hannibal brought with him a plate filled to the brim with cuisine that he had prepared himself. A salad very well made -- lettuce and cucumbers, tomatoes sprinkled with a hint of lemon juice.

"The worst thing you could do is let your body starve and die. If you want to survive, you have to eat." Hannibal told her before she said anything, and he set the plate down on her bed beside her.

"I know." She said firmly.

Hannibal was about to tell Alana about how he would take Will to a baseball game, but he realized she would try to escape if she knew she'd be alone for hours. So instead he said nothing and stared at the cat poster.

"Why are you doing this?" She asked shakily, her lips and eyebrows twitching with anxiety.

"I didn't want to kill you. But Will has to stay here, and so I keep you here too. You have to suffer for my desires," Hannibal said the end more to himself as he pondered. "I've betrayed a good heart to satisfy my own."

"So you make Will and I fight to survive in this *place,* because you have some egregious need to make him love you...he never will. Maybe you know that or maybe you don't, but I'm telling you now. He'll die before he loves you."

Hannibal chuckled and turned to her. "You're a cocky woman, Dr. Bloom. Especially considering the circumstances." Then, like it was nothing, he balled his fist up and hit her in the face, striking her so forcefully that she hit the bed and made it rattle. A shriek of surprise came from her, and she hid behind her dark hair as she covered her face with her hands.

"I admire you, Dr. Bloom. I do. You're a respectable woman. But right now you look so...small. Mousy, even." He watched her for a moment longer before swiveling towards the stairs.

"I'm sorry for the violence, but you're learning the same lesson that Will had to learn, and you received considerably kinder punishment. Enjoy your breakfast, Dr. Bloom." These were the last words he spoke to her before he ascended and left her alone again.

Hannibal's muscled arms were tense as he gripped the steering wheel. Will too was anxious, but because he had not seen the outside world aside from his window view for weeks. He had been craving it for so long, and now that it was here he wasn't sure how to react. It was like a relapse, he felt. A feeling he thought he'd forgotten.

"You remember all of your rules," Hannibal spoke. Will shut his eyes.

"Yes."

"And you know what will happen if you...break those rules."

"...yes."

"Then it will be a very good day." Hannibal reached over with one arm and touched Will's head, feeling his hair and holding him nonchalantly. He did little figure eights on Will's throat with his finger and it made his skin tingle. "Don't force yourself to stay away for too long, Will...you'll look back and realize you wasted a lot of time you could've spent happy."

"Happy," Will echoed.

When they pulled into the parking lot, it was already nearly filled. Parents walked by with their young children, hot dogs and slushies in hand. Some wore clothing that showed off the American colors, some wore face paint.

"You Americans are so passionate about your sports." Hannibal said with a small, fascinated smile. He got out of the car, but Will knew to stay where he sat until Hannibal opened the door for him. That was one of the rules. As his superior made his way around the car, Will wondered if the risks outweighed the consequences. He could get away -- surely it would be possible. Difficult with Hannibal's keen eyes on him at all times, but possible all the same.

Hannibal opened the door, and Will stepped out shakily. There were so many people around, and he'd forgotten how to cope with crowds, it seemed. Hannibal sensed this and grabbed his arm, whispering into his ear -- "Let me know if you're uncomfortable at any time. We will find a safe place immediately."

A safe place.

Hannibal was a wicked man. He contained no purity, no true goodness. His heart was a blackened, rotten seed that had never come to fruition. But some of his actions made this fact questionable -- in his own fucked up way, he did care. It wasn't out of kindness, but it was there.

As they walked into the stadium, Hannibal locked arms with his lover. Side by side they strode in, welcoming the abrasive volume of the crowds.

"Would you like a hot dog?" Hannibal asked, gesturing to one of the several stands.

"Yes," Will took to the easy answer. The next hour went without incident; everyone was settling into their seats, eating their food, waiting for the game to start. Hannibal and Will did the same, although the latter felt very uneasy for most of the time.

Once the game began to play, Hannibal began watching in concentration, like he was studying. He kept an arm around Will's shoulders sluggishly. The entire game seemed to go so slowly to Will, as he had never really been interested by baseball. But he was fortunate to be able to be around other people, and maybe even get help and escape --

Just as he was thinking of escaping, Hannibal turned his face with his hand and kissed him with a passion that had been brewing for a long time. Will didn't protest -- not now of all times. Hannibal gripped Will's face almost too tightly in his haste. They made out unnoticed for maybe two minutes, until Hannibal pulled away with a smile.

"I knew you'd come around. My love, my darling. I knew you were just like me."

Hannibal again wrapped his arm tightly around Will, squeezing him softly. He leaned over and kissed his lover's forehead with his eyes closed, totally encapsulated in the bliss.

"Plagued and frail you come to me weary

But listen when I say, 'I contain no purity."

'Fallen Angel,' Mercy Necromancy

His Soft Side

Chapter Summary

> Hey <3 I know it's stupid of me to keep updating you guys on how I'm doing but I feel like I should to explain why it takes me so long to write chapters, and why they're spaced out as they are. My eating disorder has gotten worse, and it's taken a lot out of me mentally, coupled with assignment after assignment in school. It makes it difficult for me to continue my hobbies (and this is one of them, and one of my favorites!!) so I'll try harder to update. I hope you guys are doing well, and I hope you're taking care of yourself and you get to step outside into the sunshine today. <3

The car came to a halt in front of the enormous villa, and once Hannibal turned off the engine all was dark. No lights were on in the house, so they sat in the comfortable blackness.

“I hope you have not forgotten the price of the baseball game,” Hannibal said quietly to his lover. Will had no reaction, but he thought about the statement. It felt strange to him to do something so civil as to go to a sports game when he was in such excruciating circumstances.

“What are you asking me to do?” Will shut his eyes as Hannibal ran his hand down the younger man’s jaw, leaving tingles wherever his fingers went. They both were soft, but Will’s face felt to his captor like some divine creation. It was like vanilla or milk, or some fine powder. He felt too nice to be made of flesh. Hannibal knew his prize was perfect beyond his deserving.

However, Will felt like the doctor’s fingers were the rocks under a powerful current, ready to scratch his flesh whenever he wanted. He could never love him like he was being asked to, and it wasn’t out of spite or anything he could control. It just would never bloom naturally, and he was afraid that Hannibal would learn that sooner or later and realize he didn’t need to keep Will alive.

“Nothing you don’t want to do.” Hannibal held his face in his hand, feeling for what he couldn’t see in the dark. “I want you to obey my rules, but I also want you to be happy.”

“Why do you keep me?” Will asked quietly as Hannibal trailed his cold fingers down his neck, pawing at the soft skin like he was exploring uncharted territory. Hannibal leaned closer until he could smell Will’s shampoo, and he whispered.

“One day, you and I will sit on the beach and watch the sunrise and then we'll go back to our little motel room. We'll enjoy each other's company for hours, just talking. Laughing. Drinking a cup of coffee, or maybe tea. Maybe we'll jump under the covers and have a little fun, but the entire time, you will be happy."

Will grabbed Hannibal's hand off his neck and held it in his own. "I...appreciate that thought." He didn't know why Hannibal was so kind to him now, and he kept his guard up. But how easy it was to disarm himself when he felt the warmth of Hannibal, the gentleness of him in this moment. He was an abyss, and if only Will would let himself fall into it, he would be safe forever.

But that was nonsense. It was like an alcoholic thinking if he drank forever he would never face the consequences because he'd be too drunk for them. If Will let himself fall into the trap, he'd never get out of it.

However, he could pretend.

He leaned over and brought his face to Hannibal's surprising him so much that the older man leaned away for a moment. Will froze.

"Isn't this what you wanted?" He whispered.

"Oh, it is," Hannibal breathed, "I'm just...taken aback, I suppose."

"Why is that?"

"Well...I just didn't think it would be so easy."

"I figure you're probably right...why fight it, when it's so much easier to give in?"

Hannibal chuckled as he put a lock of hair behind Will's ear delicately. "Now, the last time you said that, I was stabbed with a fork."

Will winced. "Yeah...that was not my finest decision. But I mean it this time; there is no choice but this. Life will always keep moving forward." To seal the deal, he leaned forward and kissed Hannibal so softly it was as though his skull were made of feathers. That sent a cold chill down the doctor's spine, but he leaped into the opportunity. Like a predator pouncing, he locked lips with Will and forced him backwards into his seat, pressed against the cold glass of the window. He pinned Will with his hands on his hips, greedily taking in his taste. For a second he pulled away and grinned, his accent thicker now that he was thinking less and lusting more.

"You taste like the orange soda we shared," and then he kissed Will again. They sat sharing that intense moment; the only taste Will could get from Hannibal was mint. He somehow always tasted clean, like toothpaste, for reasons unknown to him.

Hannibal took his hands off Will's hips, reached around him and flipped the lever on his seat with one hand. With the other he pushed him backwards until Will was in a fully flat position, slightly smiling all the way.

"What are you doing?"

"I just thought, if you really mean what you say, you'll prove it to me."

"By...doing what?"

This emitted a chuckle, low and rough from the doctor. He put a hand on Will's thigh, squeezing it gently.

"You tell me."

Will said nothing, looking at his captor uncertainly. "You mean...like a blowjob?"

"Like a blowjob."

"R-right now?"

"Well, we are in the perfect position."

"You mean I-I give you one?"

Hannibal laughed more and playfully rolled his eyes, then moved his hands up to start unbuckling his belt. Will exhaled raggedly. He hadn't expected anything sexual tonight, and he wasn't very experienced. He was afraid of what would happen if he failed to please Hannibal.

"Don't look so nervous -- I am sure that however it goes, you'll do just fine. I'd just like to see what you can do. My pet, sitting in front of me, pleasing me." He couldn't stop his smile now, and Will noticed that there was already a bulge in his pants. "Yes, that's what I want. My pet here and now."

(This scene will finish in the next chapter. ;) thanks for waiting!)

Cherry Knots

Chapter Summary

Sexual stuff at last! I know this is what everyone's been waiting for! :P

(This is a very sexual chapter where Hannibal is naturally forceful/dominant so if you're not comfortable with that, you can skip ahead! I'm not very good at these scenes, I always get shy but I tried!)

The white of Hannibal's teeth somehow glittered in the near-blackness, and he looked very wicked. Will swallowed uneasily as they stared into each other's eyes.
"Well," Hannibal said after a while with a grin, "what are we waiting for? Have you ever done this?"
"I...no."
This perked Hannibal up and wiped the smirk off his face. "Really?"
"Well, I'm not proud of it!"
"You ought to be. Never been with a man?" He cupped Will's face in his hand like he was petting a delicate animal. "You're pure."
"Not for long," Will whispered, more to himself than to the man who nearly possessed him. However, his comment did not go unheard, and it caused a low rumble in Hannibal's throat.
"You're right. Ugh -- I'm going to take that silly little shirt off of you, and then you're going to unbuckle my belt. Go with the flow, and if you do a good job then I'll show you how I can tie cherry knots with my tongue." He winked, and it caused Will's vision to fuzz over and for his world to spin on its hilt.
Hannibal leaned forward suddenly and bit down on Will's neck. The younger man erupted in shock, crying out and pulling away. To cope with this Hannibal held him by the arms and watched as a trickle of blood ran slowly down. When it reached his collarbone, Hannibal took the leisure of licking it away with one solid motion.
"Sticky sweet," he nearly mouthed the words. Will moaned; the vampiric teeth had first caused an awful stinging, but it faded into an agitating ache. Before he could do anything, Hannibal enveloped him in another kiss, sloppily filling his mouth with his own blood. Then he clawed like an animal at Will's belt, unhooking it in seconds and yanking his pants down to reveal the underwear that Hannibal had him wear; they were maroon, simplistic and classy. Typical Hannibal style, imprinted onto his captive.
"Don't protest," Hannibal growled, his voice raw with lust. "You're a good boy; just do what I said."
Will knew better than to argue, but he still felt like he should try to run away. He shut his eyes for a moment -- the worst that could happen was already unfolding, so why turn away from it now when it would be so much easier to fall into the rhythm?
He slowly undid Hannibal's belt and slid his pants down, exposing underwear of the same

brand and style but this time in green. When he slid those down too, he felt like he should play along to please Hannibal more.
"Wow." He laughed nervously. "You're big."
"Are you anxious?" Hannibal said with a malicious smile.
"A little, but I want to try." Will played heavily on the innocent card, and Hannibal fell for it. He looked up at him with Bambi eyes, and licked the tip tentatively. It caused a shock through Hannibal's body, and he sat rigidly for a moment. Will continued, focusing all of his attention on pleasing Hannibal -- like a good submissive ought to.
"Keep going," Hannibal moaned. Oddly enough, Will enjoyed seeing him so out of control, knowing that he was the cause of so much satisfaction. He basked in the physical praise. Hannibal laid his hand on Will's head and twisted his fingers through the locks of hair. Without warning he shoved Will's head down and gagged him on his dick. Will coughed, unused to the feeling of something so massive being stuck in his throat; it didn't help that Hannibal was gently bucking his hips, leaning into the pleasure whether he was aware of it or not. He didn't even have the words to speak, as his mouth was agape and his eyes were closed. He seemed to be riding some kind of blissful wave. Will could only sit and try to pleasure Hannibal, bobbing his head back and forth as fast as he dared.
Hannibal opened his eyes until they were half lidded, and he looked like he had just found some divine place or had seen a glimpse of God. Will knew he'd been waiting for this for a long time -- surely he must have -- and it did flatter him that he'd been the spectacle of so much desire. In that he discovered newfound ambition, and moved his head even faster. Hannibal clenched his hand into a fist and sent shocks of pain through Will's scalp, from which he cringed and wiggled, trying not to bite down.
I'll show you how I can tie cherry knots with my tongue, Hannibal's earlier words crossed Will's mind, and he decided to use this advice against the man who said it. Pretending he was tying knots, he did little figure eights and dared to look up at his owner's face when he did it. Little moans now escaped Hannibal, which oddly enough made Will *smile*. Beginning a slick sweat, Hannibal had begun to undo his shirt but had stopped, so his collar was undone and his collarbones peeked through. He was evidently in indescribable pleasure.
Suddenly, Will felt something hot shoot down his throat, and he knew that he had succeeded. Cum soaked the inside of his mouth, and as he lifted his head and closed it, that was all he could taste. Sickeningly, he didn't mind. Hannibal stopped bucking and lay still slumped against the driver's seat.
"Did I do good?" Will asked innocently; he knew he'd been stellar.
Hannibal looked down at him, still with those weary eyes, and smiled.
"You were excellent. Better than I imagined...you have no idea."
Silence loomed above them for a moment while Hannibal recovered.
"Don't think I'm done with you yet," he smirked. "No, now that you've proved that you're a good little cumslut, this is just the beginning."

Where Everything Dies

Though it seemed backwards, it was evident that the sex that Hannibal and Will shared improved their dynamic tenfold. The first night was one of many that grew to be heated and unruly. Will didn't say it, and didn't want to, but he began to take pleasure in their nights shared together, and Hannibal could see that in time.

About three months had passed since that night in October when they first lay together, and seven months had passed since August, when Will had been initially kidnapped. It was so strange for him to think about how such a relatively short period of time felt so long, and how it was beginning to, at last, creep forward as time was supposed to. He didn't enjoy much of the day, but the release he felt in the nighttime was rejuvenating.

Hannibal picked up on this change immediately, and he himself felt much better for it. He no longer feared the thought that the life would never return to his precious pet's eyes, because he saw it happen in flashes of seconds when they were together.

Impatient fire, immediate intoxication. Hannibal took Will in his hands and molded him to fit his needs, like a sculptor.

But at the same time, he was fire that scorched, liquor you keep on hand so you can drink yourself to death. He was a vulture.

As the sun was setting in the mid-January evening, the last cascades of light made their flesh pallid and vampiric. In the villa where everything dies, they held each other and memorized one another. Like some phantom that hadn't known a body in decades, Hannibal was always the one to dominate, always metaphorically drinking in as much as he could.

Alana could hear them vaguely as she twisted around a little hair clip, twisting the bendable metal until it somewhat resembled the key that she'd seen Hannibal use a hundred times over the past half year. She seemed to have nearly disintegrated -- not physically dead, but she was not the same woman that she'd been six months ago. The bags under her eyes were as dark and immense as the basement she lay in, and her lips twitched now with anxiety whenever she heard that big door creak open. Hannibal didn't hit her very often, but the times he did, he instilled the fear of God into her just as he did to Will long ago.

If today went as planned, she would never have to look at him again, except for when she would see him fry in an electric chair. Legs crossed on her cot, Alana twirled the little bobby pin around, watching it dance in her frigid hands. This place could be described only by "hell." Time seemed to never move forward, and she never caught even a second of peace. When she awoke and opened her eyes perhaps there was a millisecond, that brief span between consciousness and unconsciousness. But it wasn't even worth it, due to the crushing *remembrance.* She remembered freedom, having the ability to choose things. She missed even being able to choose how much sugar to put in her coffee. Little things she'd never thought about before now hypnotized her, eluded her. Alana dreamt of them.

Even if I die trying, it's still better than rotting in here.

Alana hid the bobby pin in her hand as she ascended the stairs silently, missing all the spots that she'd memorized the creaks would come from. When she got to the first step, the final one, she could more distinctly hear Hannibal and Will, and guessed that they were probably on the second floor. Good. That would mean she could probably just slip out unseen.

With shaking hands, she fumbled with the lock, trying to pick at it. Her skills were waning; she hadn't picked locks since she was a troublesome teenager, but after a minute or two, the thick bolt came undone with a soft *pop.*

Alana froze. Could liberation be achieved so easily? She gingerly pushed the door with her finger, letting it open a few inches. The light of day flooded to where she stood and soaked her feet. It had been months since she'd even seen the sun...that was what she mourned the most.

She looked past the door and then out into the living room, the one that was immediately familiar to her. With silent bare feet she stalked to the sliding glass door, listening to Hannibal and Will. It was difficult to tell what they were doing, but it sounded like they were moving furniture, or (with a shudder) she wondered if Hannibal and Will were having sex. She could not imagine that it would be consenting. She had to hurry to leave, and find help.

Despite not having used her muscles in months, she found the strength to push the door open, shut it closed behind her to avoid suspicion and start a stumbling run to find help.

You won't have to suffer for very much longer, Will. Alana thought, wishing it could reach him. Then she thought of their tormentor.

The problem with creating a world in which everything dies is that one day, you'll die with it. She hissed in her mind with finality as she kept stride.

(Been a long time since I posted an update and I thought it was about time! Sorry for this one being so short -- I'm hoping the next will be more eventful! Will does not yet know that Alana was in the basement at all...sure would be a shame if he were to find out. ;))

Change of Heart

Chapter Summary

First post of 2020! Yay yay :)

Will,

You vanished. I seemed to have found you, but you slipped away again just as easily as you'd appeared.

I never saw you, but I could smell remnants of you. Sometimes I'd see him wearing your clothes, and I'd know you were still alive. That was one of the only reasons I found the motivation to risk it, to search for freedom.

I wonder what he's doing to you now. I wonder what he's thinking, if he's searching for me or taking his rage out on you. For your sake, I hope that isn't the case...his fists coming down on your skull feel like tire irons.

I miss you. But that's an understatement.

I'll come back for you.

Alana reflected on the day that she'd broken free. The first day in months that she had seen the sun...it was indescribable. It was like all the fireworks in the world had popped in her chest all at once, but that didn't even really begin to cover it. All the infants there were sighed a breath of contentment, all the broken hearts had been mended. Perhaps that came close to the euphoria and relief she had felt. But she wasn't sure.

Though she tried not to think about it, she couldn't help but relive that day very often, despite everyday counseling. It was a month ago now, and the February day was the warmest it had been in months. She sat with her knees clutched to her chest, staring out of the window she'd opened. The warm breeze felt good on her feet, and the fresh air seemed to be the only thing keeping her alive. Her expression was dead, and her eyes were worse.

Hannibal was the reason she was stuck inside this recovery home, this institution, and she knew it too well.

The snow had crinkled under Alana's socks as she ran, not knowing any direction, away from the enormous mansion. She'd been in a long sleeve t-shirt and sweatpants in January, and prayed that civilization was a few miles away at the most -- and it was.

They'd been about three miles into the untouched woodlands but she reached a small town within a few hours. She hadn't realized it at the time because her one focus was to call Jack Crawford and let him know everything immediately, but the locals had such a look of shock and confusion when they saw her sprinting out of that forest. They hadn't even known that anyone lived out there, let alone in a mansion that seemed to have been built overnight.

Alana shut her eyes and cradled her head in her neck, shaking the memories away. She cringed away, feeling the fervent need to hide bubble up once again, like bugs crawling on and in her skin.

And still she feared that one day he would come, climb in through her bedroom window and strangle her in her sleep, or worse. There were things worse than death -- she'd been through some of it already. It had been one month, and no sign of him, despite endless searching by investigators. They combed the forest over and over again, and a day or so into the investigation had found the colossal mansion, but nobody inhabiting it. Alana had not visited it again, only telling Jack that she'd been kept in the basement and that as far as she knew, Will hadn't left the second floor at all. When the place had been searched, there were some socks strewn across one of the bedroom floors, indicating someone left in a hurry. No identification, no photographs, nothing incriminating could be found. He had simply taken his captive, his chosen belongings and his car and left, going God knew where.

It was the uncertainty that continued to drive Alana mad. Where Will had been, nobody was certain. Well, *one* person was, but it was his kidnapper. The more time went by, the less likely they were to ever find Will, and the lapsing of time drew her to insanity too.

In the moment that she pondered all of this while she stared blankly out of her window, Jack Crawford knocked on her door and let himself in.

"Hello, Alana," he said softly, making it a point to cross the space between them very slowly, like someone approaching a wounded animal. A spark of annoyance vied deep in her chest, but it did little to pinch alive the never-ending deadness she felt. Jack took the liberty of seating himself on her crisp white bed -- everything in the room was white. He was behind her, as she was seated in a computer chair which faced the window still.

"So, it's been about a month," he reminded her softly, as though she didn't already know. It was a painful reminder that too much time had passed and they'd yet to find...*him.* Alana couldn't yet bring herself to think his name.

"We're doing everything we can to look for Will," Jack told her, and she shut her eyes painfully. The name she couldn't think and felt sharp pangs whenever she heard. "The entire state's police team, the FBI, all of it. He's a top priority."

This evoked no response. She'd heard it all before, and yet they had nothing to show for it.

"...Alana. Look at me..." It was said gently enough, but it was firm too. She only opened her eyes halfway, not moving any other way. With a deep sigh of frustration, Jack uplifted himself and stood in front of her, bending down to look her in the eye.

"This funk you're in...it has to stop. It has to at least get better...you can't just live like this forever. I want to find him just as bad as the rest of us, but just moping around won't do any--
"

"Do you?" Alana asked him in a whisper, finally turning her eyes up to look at him, burning him. "Do you really want to find him?"

He seemed taken aback by this. "Obviously I do, Alana."

Her mouth twitched. "How bad? Does it make your heart stitch up, or your insides burn white hot? Does it make you wanna drink yourself to death?" She raised her eyebrows at him because she already knew the answer. "I know what hell is, and I know he's there, right in the center of it. I've seen--been part of things that would make grown men wake up pissing the bed. And he's still fucking there...while I'm here. Do you know what that feels like?"

Jack was silent, seeming to think over his words carefully. "Maybe you think for some reason that I'm not out there every day busting ass until I bleed, but you're wrong. Do you hear me? We are doing *everything* we can. You of all people should know how elusive Hannibal is, how smart he is. If he doesn't want to be found, there's a slim fucking chance he's going to be found."

Alana furrowed her eyebrows at him, a little surprised he would lose his temper that way. Then she looked to the ground, not replying.

"So you just think about that," Jack added, softer this time. "You think about it. While we're all out there trying our hardest, and you're in here just watching the leaves pass by and wait to die, you think about that." With that, he left, shutting the door loudly behind him.

Alana evoked a sigh, turning her eyes back to the window. But it didn't look the way it did before; nothing had physically changed, only her perception of it. It seemed to have lost its interest, its hold on her. She felt her chest stir as she pondered Jack's words and felt throughout her ribs and organs that he was right.

It was time to join the team again, and the truth sang to her that Hannibal had to die. There was no other way.

He was filled to the brim with blood, tar and murky swamp water.

[Last sentence is a nod to the first chapter. ;)]

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!